Volume XIII Chicago, Ill., June, 1936 Number 3

The Liberalist

MORNING

"Remember, too, 'tis always morning
Somewhere and above the awakening
Continents, from shore to shore, somewhere
The birds are singing evermore."

—Tales of a Wayside Inn.

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The Peoples Church

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THE LIBERALIST

Preston Bradley ..... **Editor**
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... **Associate Editor**

Volume XIII Chicago, Ill., June, 1936 Number 3

MEDITATION

"Infinite and eternal Heart, we are grateful this day for the affirmations which have come into our lives of Thy eternal power and of Thy great and beautiful inspiration, on this day we would remember all who have had trouble and difficulty, all who are ill, all who are discouraged, all who are finding life a constant and increasing challenge. May they, somehow, open up the avenue of opportunity whereby Thy great spirit and Thy beautiful heart may have access to their trouble and their difficulty. Be with all those who mourn this day because they have lost. Be with every household which has been entered by the visitation of the Messenger, and be with every heart which is in need of sustenance and strength in experiencing the difficulty and sadness of life.

Bless our church and every officer and every organization in it. Bless our ministry of music. O, may this Church increase from opportunity to opportunity until it becomes a great source of inspiration to many hearts that today it may not be touching at all. May it leave in its wake, as the years pass, refreshment and inspiration and love until within its walls which we have learned to love—In the opportunity of the broadcast as it goes out to hearts and lives that we shall never know may there go the great inspiration and the great love of divine and perfect truth.

Help us that we might use this moment as a moment of dedication that everything which might interfere with the finest expression of Thy love might be separated from us, that our lives and our hearts might be attuned anew to the eternal beauty of Thy love. May all selfishness be taken from us and may unselfishness become our ideal. May we learn the very essence of living life beautifully, may the thought of friends and of responsibility enable us to carry on into the great opportunity of life that every life and heart that comes in association with us might find life better and finer. May every individual problem in this church this morning find that which approximates the answer.

As we look back across the years, we remember the words of a great friend we have, a friend who understood everything, and because he did understand so well he becomes increasingly our inspiration and guide. We hear the lovely words that fall from his lips as he told us, when your heart is heavy and clouds hang in your sky and you do not seem to know which way to go, and trouble has come, you have been smitten and something gnaws and eats away at your heart, when that time comes will you remember my words and say them, and if you do, say these words, not with your lips, but in your heart, the burden will be lighter, the yoke will be easier, the way will be shorter, will you remember them:

'Our Father, who art in heaven,
Hallowed by Thy name.
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done
On earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread,
And forgive us our debts, as we
Forgive our debtors. etc.

"MY RELIGION"

Sermon by Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago, June 7th, 1936

"The subject this morning has a personal challenge in it and a personal implication which will rather militate against it rather than be in its favor. It did not occur to me until after I had announced it last Sunday, but when one speaks about their religion probably it predicates a certain presumption, I am rather certain that it does. For after all, religion is not something to talk about, mine or yours, religion is something to live, and the life itself constitutes the truest eloquence as to the character and quality of the religion. Therefore, when I speak to you today upon the subject of 'My Religion' I would have my most discriminating critics remember that I am deeply aware of all that is implied by the subject.

I know that my religion is only my life, and it is of value only as my life is of value, that any of the philosophizing which I might do in any effort to arrive at an intellectualization of religion and the problems suggested by the difficulties of religion would be entirely in the realm of the mind and would ultimately formulate themselves into certain definite beliefs or theories. The final test of every religion is not in its creeds, the final test of every religion is not in the churches which it builds, it is not in the organizations which it creates, it is not in the contribution which it makes to the amelioration of human society even, the real standard by which all religion must be judged is the kind of lives which it produces, and every man's religion is directly the motivating impulse for the kind of a man he is. Therefore the conclusion of the great essayist Macaulay when he said that the chief fact about any man is his religion is undeniably true, for what that factor is will give coloration and distinctiveness to every other factor of your life, and the mere fact that no individual is without religion is another observation that enters quite effectively into the standard of judgment by which a life shall be appraised. It is your redigion, therefore your life.

And yet the confusion which exists in the minds of a great many people in regard to the whole subject of religion is one that I think needs clarification at times, because so many people have confused religion with creeds, bibles, rituals, theories. They think of religion only in terms of its historical traditions and become confused by the constantly and ever increasing chaos which is created by those who do not assume an intellectual attitude toward the problem of religion but who merely entertain the old traditional attitude of acceptance of the usual traditional things. The result is a great deal of confusion in the minds of vast numbers of people on the subject of religion. As the years pass each one of us should stop and take stock of our ideas and philosophies and program of action in life. Certainly there can be no discussion of any more value than a discussion of one's religion. We, who have been privileged to live in the past 25, 30 or 50 years of the world's history have seen such an increase in the area of knowledge and such a tremendous stride made in the aquisition of knowledge in the field of science that anything that touches religion, based entirely upon a pre-scientific age, or the theories of the pre-scientific period of life, must be thoroughly gone over again and must be unquestionably rethought. Therefore, those who

experienced the challenge which settled down upon all forms of religious expression and enthusiasms by the coming of the intense period of materialistic science at the close of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth century—Hegel, Wallace and Darwin—that group of great materialistic scientists who had only a limited field and that almost exclusively in the realm of physics, not in the realm of energy, but in the realm of physics, found themselves definitely up against an impregnable wall. The great controversy which came to the field of religious thought in the publication of Darwin's great book 'Origin of Species' to be answered by William Gladstone, the Prime Minister of England, in the book which no one reads these days, and I question whether people even remember it, 'The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture,' which was written by William Gladstone as a refutation and answer to Mr. Darwin's theories in the 'Origin of Species.' The controversy which was fought out in the field of religion between Gladstone and Darwin ushered a field of thinking in the sphere of religion the reverberations of which are still heard in the controversy between the fundamentalists and the modernists as it has swept through the modern Christian world.

There is this distinction which one is compelled to acknowledge and recognize as one thinks their way through the problems of religion in terms of their intellectual character, and that is an attitude on the part not of those who are distinctly religious in their points of view, but quite the contrary, who are absolutely unimpeachable in the field of science, and with the coming of the opportunities presented by the study and research that were made in the field of energy, superinduced by an entirely new world, the world of electricity, that these other scientists did not know to any extent at all and could only theorize and guess about, there has come an entirely new setup to the problem of religion. The older idea of the separateness between the physical and the spiritual propensities of life and of the universe no longer exists. The very finest minds of the very finest scientists are agreed in a great many unifying particulars. This agreement constitutes one of the greatest inspirations for the religiously-minded individual. These minds now have arrived at the position where they are quite ready to affirm the fundamental integrity of the cosmos. No mind can acknowledge fundamental integrity of a non-accidental world without predicating a directing intelligence. The old theologians had to talk about the infallibility of a book, or the infallibility of the church, or the infallibility of a creed, or the infallibility of a theory, or the infallibility of a plan of salvation, or failed to recognize the contributions behind all religions, for all religions are similar whether they are pagan or Christian and all have been definitely influenced by a similarity of approaches and results. When the scientist speaks to us of an operative world objectively resultant by obedience to fundamental law, then the truly religious mind finds an affirmation for a religious ideality which can later be pragmatically expressed in every sphere of life. Therefore, science is the ally of true religion and not its enemy. Therefore education and culture are the inspirations of true religious fealties and loyalties rather than their enemies. Therefore ignorance is not complimentary to God, and people who choose to base opinions merely upon the limitations of their own ignorance, and inspire those limitations by a viciousness of dogma, are unreliable. The great affirmations of religious truth and religious vitality are to be found in a constantly integrating structure

of the cosmos and a certain obvious propensity of the human spirit toward excellency as a virtue. The mere fact that dreams do not die and ideals are never permanently crushed, the mere fact that a life co-ordinated and integrated is a life creatively one of faith, the mere fact that an individual can find in every principle of the cosmos that which suggests the working out of the processes of law and order, and the mere fact that the compensations of life are to be found in obedience to those standards of life and that punishment is the inevitable core upon which the entire universe operates its basic and fundamental structure, so that religion today has been liberated from the narrow cells of ignorance, superstition and fear. Ignorance which has always prevented an expression of religion at its best is no longer a motivating influence in determining religious propensities.

Therefore as a religionist and as life matures and deepens for me, I grow further all the time from the old limitations of orthodox religion, further away from an infallible book, further away from unlimited greediness, which at best are but gestures of the restlessness of the human mind, further away from accepting religion as a prop upon which to lean, further away from the fallacy that one church has all the truth, further away from the fallacy that an innocent man must shed innocent blood that a guilty man may be forgiven, further away from the child likeness of religion that was pagan and cruel, toward a religion which is expansive and universal and eternal, and instead of having less faith, I have more! Never did I have as much faith in the eternal rectitude of this universe and the dignity and the importance of individual lives as I have today. To me the mere fact that the edict of the old philosopher is becoming imperishably true, 'The excellent becomes the permanent,' and the only unpardonable sin, there is none other, there can be none, the only unpardonable sin is the sin of scarring, wasting, mutilating, tearing, hurting human life. To live life less than what I know should be lived, that is sin. To have an attitude toward my fellowman that only makes him, in my eyes, logical prey for my selfishness and greed, Ah, that is sin, that is the deepest sin of all not to think of this life as something sacred.

What is religion at its best? Religion at its best is a sense of the sacred, and when everything is holy to you it is religion at its best, at its highest. Not the physical demonstrations, not books, not creeds, not altars and vestments, not incense and hymnals, not kneeling or shouting, not even vociferous prayer, these things are but the accoutrements, they are not the reality. The reality to be found is to be found in a sense of the sacred. Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, first of all my religion must be adventuresome. The one quality which I must preserve in my religious attitde of life is adventuresomeness. What does that mean? That means that the door is open for new proof; that means that I have no set religion that can be circumscribed by statements of men; that means that I must remain free with that liberty which is promised to us by the superb religionist of history, when he said: 'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.' That's the objective of all religion, the freedom that comes with truth and how can I ever find the truth if I close the doors in the opportunities of education? How can I ever find the truth if I fight and quarrel with the scientist, if I decry the biologist and the chemist, if a close my eyes in the presence of the great fundamental discoveries that are taking place every twenty-four hours? How can I ever find the truth if I shut the

doors of my mind and let a book and creeds become fetishes? How can I ever find truth if I close the door of intelligence? I cannot find it, therefore I cannot be free.

So, to me, the religion of life and of love and of freedom, the religion that can walk the battlements of the eternal, bowing to no altar, doing obeisance to no priest or clergyman, free in the human spirit, needing nothing between me and the reality, which is God, but my life, that is the increasing thought which I have about religion. That's why that sort of religious philosophy brings you ultimately to a fine tolerance! That is why you cannot get excited by converting someone from their church to yours, which probably accounts for the fact that there has been a decrease during the last five years in the United States of 10% of every denomination, 10% fewer people in the churches in the last five years. That may account also for the fact that more than one-half of the population of the United States are not affiliated with any church, Catholic, Jewish or Protestant! Religion has not been translated in terms of vitality, it has focused its entire attention upon these extraneous things.

You ask me the motive. I do not think any man can be unreligious who has a sense of the dignity of the human spirit. I do not think any man is essentially unreligious who loves his fellowmen. This may not be the time to say it, but I want to tell you of an experience which I had this week in the passing of my father which brought very vividly home to me what was said by a well-meaning individual. My father was the most deeply religious man that I have ever known, but he never joined a church in his life. He never belonged to any church, I don't think that Dad would even join this one, he had a sort of basic aversion to externals, and when my father was in our little home in death, a friend who had known him all of his life in that community, which was over 58 years, said to me: 'Well, I am sorry that Robert never joined a church.' Well, of course, it sort of touched me rather deeply, because I knew what he meant, that his sphere of influence must have been so much greater from the church point of view. My father worked in the church, he always took us to the little white church from which he was buried on Wednesday, he loved it, but he never joined it, my father was truly a liberalist. To show you what I mean by religion being conduct and not creed, being deeds and not ceremony, I must tell you this incident which happened many, many years ago. My father, as you know, was a blacksmith and during these years I have talked a great deal about him because our association and friendship was somewhat deeper than the usual relationship of father and son. I think we were best represented by that fine relationship that we speak of as 'good pals,' and when I came back from Russia last year and we went together on a fishing trip in the North, we had a little tent and we spent our days together in the out-of -doors, we talked a great deal about religion. I want to tell you what his religion was, because it is the best example of what I want mine to be.

As a blacksmith he would shoe horses and one of the good customers was the Presbyterian minister who had seven or eight boys. They started in about this high and went right up the ladder until the oldest was this high (indicating), and the first boy was a good little devil, and they grew worse as they got older. That was the sort of a family that he had. They were not bad and they have all turned out well, but the minister came in the shop one day to have his horse shod, and after shoeing his horse he took out his

pocketbook to pay father, and father said: 'No, that's all right, elder, go right on, you have your hands full with your family to look after and your salary is none too large.' That evening after supper — we had "supper" those days in our little town at 6:00 or 6:30, it was before this "dinner" business was started— after supper we sat there about the table visiting, and finally father arose and we missed him, and then we heard him coming up the cellar steps—we had an outside cellar opening, you country people know what I mean but you city people don't know what I am talking about and I am sorry for you,—he was coming up out of the cellar stairs and mother stepped out to see and I followed. I heard her say: 'Why, Bob, what are you doing?' He had a big sack of potatoes on his shoulder and he said: 'Well, I'll tell you, mother, our preacher was in today to get his horse shod, and his pocketbook was a little thin and potatoes are a little high, and I thought that he would enjoy this sack of potatoes.' 'Well,' but she said, 'it is dark, it is night, why don't you wait until morning to take them?' This is where his religion comes in, that is why, in spite of all the creeds and all the churches and all the theories of religion, wherever and what ever heaven is, my father is there. He smiled at my mother, and I can see it, across more than forty years of life, this morning as he said to her: 'I wanted to wait until after it was dark because I did not want anyone to see me do it.' There was true philanthropy! There was true religion! That is the religion of the life! Can you think for one fraction of a moment, just one fraction of a moment, what kind of a world this would be if we had religionists like that?

This week I am going back to the little town to stand and give the commencement address at the little High School from which I was graduated 31 years ago. That same June night after the graduation was over, I remember Dad, Mother and my sister sitting on the steps of our house, and Dad put his hand on my shoulder and what can we do now?' I said: 'I what can we do now? I said: 'I would like to go on' and he replied: 'We can make it,' and ten years ago, the third Sunday of October when I walked into this new church that represented the consummation of a dream, for that was my dream, to have a church, a building of my own, a place where people can learn of love and where they can receive encouragement and inspiration. Some of you were here, many of you will remember it, many radio friends will remember listening in. This church was packed, there was not a seat available, they were standing everywhere, it was our dedication morning. I rose to preach, I did not think of my radio friends out yonder, I did not even see you, I looked at my seat there, my seat, and there sat my Dad, and I don't remember what I was saying with my lips or about anything, but what I wanted to say most of all was when I looked into his face, I wanted to say: 'We made it, Dad, we made it!'

Such is the religion which I believe in, a religion which manifests itself in a life, and such a religion rises triumphantly, majestically into the very presence of the eternal.

With no apology, with no fear, doing the best they can with life, honest in their intellectual convictions, loving humanity, standing for truth, living one world at a time, but living it well, that's religion."

WE THANK YOU

To the many friends, members and radio listeners who send us such loving letters, and telegrams, together with the beautiful flower offerings which came from every organization in the

church, at the time of the passing of our devoted and blessed father —Mr. Robert Bradley—we express our deepest appreciation. You will never realize how much these evidences of your love meant to us in that sad hour. Our church was very dear to father. He often attended. He was present at our dedication and many of you knew him well. He loved you all. During the winter months he was always a devoted radio listener and was interested in all of the life of the church. His leaving us has left a vacant place which no one can ever occupy Our great sorrow is easier borne because of your love. Please know how much we are grateful for your kindness and your remembrance.

Dr. and Mrs. Preston Bradley.

ALONG THE WAY

By Preston Bradley

On the evening of the last day of May I lost the best friend I have ever known—my father. For days now I have been trying to write an appreciation of him for this issue of the Liberalist. I have started an article many times only to have it seem inadequate. I tried to write it amid the busy days of June but have delayed it until I can find an uninterrupted day on our little island in northern Minnesota. One of these days I shall go down to my one room study which he helped me build and there in the place which he loved and where we have had so many pleasant days together I shall attempt to write what is in my heart. I hope to have it ready for the July number. He was the finest man I have ever known.

* * * * *

Until the day that church closes for the summer June is one of the busiest months in the year for me. The last two weeks in May and all of June I am facing commencement audiences night after night. Of all the speaking that I do I love it the best with the exception of preaching on Sundays in my own pulpit. This year I have had an unusually large number of commencements. It was the busiest graduation time I have ever had. Probably the reason I enjoy them so much is because of the character of the audiences. There is always a large representation of undergraduates as well as parents. There is no better opportunity for a speaker. Never in my ministry has the responsibility of public speech been any greater. These are times which portend impending crisis. Present day youth hold the destiny of civilization in their hands. Many of them realize this. I think many more are aware of the critical character of our times than a large number of older people realize. I am very much encouraged by the many manifestations which I find of the creative interest in our modern problems by the youth of today. They are alert. They are not gullible. They are adventuresome. They are not cynical. Of course, were we to judge modern youth by the newspapers we would have an entirely different opinion. But discriminating people do not judge by such standards. Crime is always news. Virtue never is. For every so-called high school bandit there are thousands of fine high school boys that one never hears about. I have seen many indications of a sincere constructive interest in the problems of life by hundreds of young people. I am for the young people of today heart and soul. I have never had young people receive my addresses with any deeper interest than this year. Most of them have never known a normal year in their whole lives. I think most of them are a little tired of the old plati-

tudes of those who created this condition of depression. Youth does not trust them for remedy or recovery. They are anxious to take a hand themselves. As for me I am ready and willing to give them a chance. They cannot do a much poorer job than my generation has done. I hope I can live long enough to see how they come out.

* * * * *

The most inspiring moment of my commencement season this year was when I faced 1100 graduates of the Morton High School and an audience of nearly 5,000 people at the baccalaureate services of the class. It made me wonder if high schools cannot grow too large. I believe they can. 1100 members of one high school class are too many for the making of friendships and the building of influences which a smaller group would give. I am thoroughly convinced that the smaller school, college and university which maintains a high standard is much better. Churches as well as educational institutions can grow too large. When they do something is lost which is vitally necessary. We are quite apt to deify numbers. Bigness is never a substitute for greatness. These observations, of course, are not to be taken as criticism of the fine work being done in these large institutions. Morton High School is one of the greatest schools in the United States. I am thinking more particularly of the social relationships and the building of enduring friendships. My own high school graduating class had only sixteen members and I am sure that our associations were much more significant than if we had had 1600 members. Yet there are arguments for both sides, large or small the individual achievement is the final objective. Fine characters and noble lives have come from all sizes of schools.

* * * * *

Among the institutions which it has been my privilege to address this season are the following: Lake Forest College, the University of Illinois, the State Normal University, LaCrosse Teachers College, Winona Teachers College, State Teachers College, Whitewater, Wisconsin, Dekalb Teachers College, and several high school graduating classes. I remember each occasion with inspiration and delight. The audiences were responsive and alert.

* * * * *

Thirty-one years after I had been graduated from my own high school in the little village of Linden, Michigan, where I was born I returned to give the graduating address on the 18th of June this year. There were fifteen members of the class. It was a thrilling moment for me when I marched behind the class on to the platform and stood where I had stood as a graduate so many years ago. In the audience were men and women who had known my father and mother before they were married. It was a happy evening and a sad one as well for I missed more than I can express, my own father and mother now sleeping in the village cemetery not very far from where I was speaking. How I wish they might have been present, as they were a long time ago, to see their son again speaking at a commencement of his own school!

* * * * *

I am looking forward to Sunday the 28th of June for on that day I will be giving the Centennial address for all the churches of Madison, Wisconsin in the stadium of the University of Wisconsin. It will probably be the largest congregation before which I have ever spoken. I am hoping that I can greet many radio friends from the area. Whenever any honor comes my way I want to share it always with my church and I feel that it is a very great honor to have been invited to give this important address. I shall give you more about it after it is over.

For the fifteenth time I am going to give the Fourth of July address at the celebration held in Tower, Minnesota, which is about 26 miles from our summer home and is our summer address. Tower had a population of about a thousand. They have accepted us as one of their number and we are proud of them. A feature of the day is always the Indian Powwow put on by our Chippewa Indians who are neighbors of ours on Lake Vermilion. It is a colorful and picturesque ceremony and is given in full regalia. I wish all of our friends could see them.

* * * * *

On the 30th of August I am speaking at the Institute of Human Relations being held at Lawrence College, Appleton, Wisconsin. The Institute is open to all who wish to attend and I hope that many radio friends around Appleton will find it possible to come in and meet me. It is always a pleasure to greet our radio listeners. They will find the Institute stimulating and instructive. There are several speakers of national reputation who will present their viewpoint on many interesting modern problems.

* * * * *

Our church office will be open every day during the vacation period. Visitors to Chicago and members will always be welcome to visit the church. A friend of the church and my friend for many years—the Rev. Henry Clark—will be available for all pastoral duties while I am away. At a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees Mr. Clark was engaged as assistant to the pastor. Sick calls, the wedding ceremonies and the funeral services can all be arranged for by calling the church office and getting in touch with the secretary—Mrs. Harrison. Please call Longbeach 6878 during business hours. Kindly address all summer mail to the church—941 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

I am in the midst of reading one of the finest novels I have ever read—"Gone With The Wind" by Margaret Mitchell and published by Macmillan. You are going to hear much about this book in the coming months. I will be very much surprised if it does not become one of the most talked about books of the fall. It is a large book and one which you will never regret owning. I am quite sure that I will use it in the book lectures early in the series this fall. You will enjoy the lecture more if you read the book.

Finis.

ORGAN DEDICATION

Many good things have come to the church this year. We are grateful for them all. In the late spring I was called to Dixon, Illinois, to see Mrs. R. L. Johnson, a member of our church, and one of our loyal radio friends. She desired to make a gift to the church which would help us meet our obligations. She presented the church with a sum of money and set aside a portion of it to be used in completing the payment on our organ. She desired that the organ be dedicated to the memory of her husband. This we arranged to do. We set the date for the dedication on the closing Sunday of church, June 14th. All plans were made and Mrs. Johnson planned to accompany the members of the Unity Guild of Dixon to the dedication. But her plans never matured for shortly before the dedication Sunday she passed away. We then decided to follow out her desire as planned but to dedicate the organ to Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Johnson and place a placque with an appropriate wording on the organ. The dedication was held as arranged and more than twenty members of the Unity Guild drove in from Dixon for the service. The Unity Guild is a group of women who have remained active in philanthropic work after the church of which

they were a part was disbanded. They have adopted our church and every year do many fine things for the church. They assist our women in making saleable articles for our bazaar. It was a beautiful thing for Mrs. Johnson to do and we all regret that she did not live to attend the service. Mrs. Johnson has been active in the Guild for many years and loved our church deeply. Our organ shall be known as long as our building lasts as the "Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Johnson Memorial Organ." Whenever we hear its beautiful tones we shall think of her and her great kindness. We are deeply grateful and express our appreciation to all the members of Unity Guild for their loyal and affectionate interest in the work we are trying to do.

THE CLOSING SUNDAY

The closing Sunday of our church for the summer recess is always one of our most beautiful and most largely attended services. This year was no exception. The weather was ideal. The day was one to lure lovers of the out-of-doors away from the city. As I went to church and saw the hundreds of automobiles filling the streets I wondered if they were not all country bound. I felt a trifle uneasy about our congregation. I would find it impossible to blame anyone for going to the country on such a day. I was pleasantly surprised when I entered the pulpit to face a congregation which completely filled our auditorium.

With this service I commemorated twenty-four years as the pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago. After all of these years it encouraged and enheartened me. The congregation was unusually responsive and in the language of the old theologians "my arms were lifted up" and I found speaking a delightful experience. I spoke on "My Twenty-four Years in a Free Pulpit." I cannot recall a finer spirit in the congregation. I have never known the church to be in a better condition. Co-operation, friendliness and willingness to serve motivates the entire organization. After the service I stood near the pulpit for over an hour and a half saying "Good By" to the people and receiving their best wishes for a restful and restorative summer. I left the church inspired, grateful and with a deepened awareness of my responsibility. There is something which humbles a man about an experience like I had that morning.

A survey of the congregation was an interesting revelation. Every part of Chicago was represented, twelve states and three foreign countries. Dr. Parker once said while he was pastor of the City Temple in London that the "back rows of the gallery of the City Temple were the Rocky mountains.' Surely the back rows of the Peoples Church balcony are a long way from the church." Yet our congregation is far from a "floating one" for hundreds of the same faces I see Sunday after Sunday and year after year. Twenty-four years is a long time but it has seemed a short time to me as I look back upon them. We have known sunshine and shadow but there has been much more sunshine than shadow. We have made many mistakes and our people have been tolerant and understanding. To preach in the same pulpit for so long a time is a great test both for the preacher and the people. I wish to express to all, my most heartfelt appreciation for your kindness, your loyalty and your support. Our church has become an increasing influence in the lives of thousands. You would realize this if you could read the letters from our members and radio friends. As we sang together our closing song on our closing Sunday. I thought of the years which had gone never to return and I paused a moment during the singing to renew my

vow of dedication and consecration that whatever is left of my life should be used for the spreading of brotherhood, tolerance and love abroad on the earth.

P. B.

NEW MEMBERS

The following new members were welcomed into the Peoples Church of Chicago Sunday morning, June 7th:

Mr. Charles E. Anderson, 3615 N. Claremont

Mrs. Ellen Berg, 821 Cornelia Avenue

Mr. Harry Elliott, 900 Winona Street

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Handcock, 2208 Thome Street

Mr. R. G. Joice, 105 W. Adams Street

Mr. J. F. Kavanaugh, 20 S. 12th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Koch, 4343 N. Damen Avenue

Mr. Roger Miller, 823 N. Humphrey, Avenue, Oak Park, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Mills, 1501 Bonnie Brae, River Forest, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. G. Paulick, 2425 Geneva Terrace

Mrs. B. Sachse, 6028 Newburg Avenue

Mr. and Mrs. Fred R. Schultz, 3504 N. Claremont Avenue

Mrs. Margaret Young, 315 S. Oak Park Avenue, Oak Park, Ill.

Mr. Wallace G. Derer, 2244 N. La Vergne

Mr. James E. Clare, 541 N. Grove Avenue, Oak Park, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. C. Over, 6668 S. Michigan Avenue

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Zelasto, 1706 S. Sisk Street

Miss Mary Driver, 1038 Loyola Avenue

Miss Virginia Heatley, 3504 N. Claremont.

PASTOR'S CALENDAR

Preston Bradley kept the following engagements during the month of May:

1—Address, Lawrence College, Appleton, Wis.
3—Sermon, Peoples Church
3—Sermon, First Assyrian Church
4—Address, Crystal Lake, Ill.
5—Address, Peoples Church, Grand Rapids, Michigan
6—Address, Knickerbocker Hotel Symposium
7—Address, Englewood Business Men's Association
7—Address, Woman's Club, Kenosha, Wis.
8—Address, Exposition of Youth, International Amphitheater
8—Address, The Hyperboreans
10—Sermon, Peoples Church
10—Sermon, Warren Avenue Congregational Church
11—Address, President's Breakfast, Woman's Club
11—Meeting, Board of Trustees, Peoples Church
13—Address, Dekalb Teacher's College
14—Address, Grand Avenue, Church, Milwaukee, Wis.
15—Address, Dania Hall, Racine, Wis.
16—Meeting, Kagawa Luncheon, Stevens Hotel
17—Sermon, Peoples Church
18—Address, Roosevelt High School, Beloit, Wis.
19—Address, Richester, Indiana
20—Address, Calumet Township High School
21—Address, Merriville High School
22—Address, High School, Lowell Indiana
24—Sermon, Peoples Church
24—Address, Forest Home Cemetery, G. A. R.
25—Meeting, Normal School Board, Springfield, Ill.
27—Tower, Minn.
28—Tower, Minn.
29—Tower, Minn.
31—Sermon, Peoples Church.

FUNERALS

2—Mrs. Lange, Interment, Mt. Emblem
4—Ernst O. L. Sundstrom, Interment, Irving Park Cemetery

11—Joseph Kadic, Interment, Bohemian National
14—Mrs. Frank DeSousa, Interment, Acacia Park
23—Mrs. Anna Kennelly, Mt. Carmel.

WEDDINGS

2—Edgar Birkrem and Olga Youngberg
2—Glenn L. Hardy and Dorothy Jewel
2—Oscar L. Leuben and Jean D. Carroll
2—Ellis J. Tracey and Lillian M. Clive
6—Milton Benson Hill and Beulah Olson
8—Lester T. Huston and June D. McNulty
9—Victor O. Schipet and Elizabeth Quimby
9—Edward H. Khonigan and Edna Ida Schreiber
9—Howard F. Brown and Jacqueline Swafford
10—William G. Paulick and Daisy E. Rhodes
18—Oliver K. Hugo, Jr., and Eleanor M. Sorensen. (Mr. Clark)
19—Samuel Selfridge and Therisia Zilsberger. (Mr. Clark)
23—Earl V. Essington and Constance M. Fisher
29—Earl C. Eilly and Alice J. Armbruster. (Mr. Clark)
30—Jack W. Zimmanck and Ethel Seidenbecker
31—Robert J. Freitag and Margaret M. Henig. (Mr. Clark)
31—John J. Yurchak and Lucille G. Kale. (Mr. Clark)

FROM A FRIEND

St. David's Island,
Tower Minn.,
June 5th, 1936.

Dr. Preston Bradley,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Preston:

On Wednesday I drove over to Black Duck Island to pay my respects to Mrs. Bradley, and imagine my surprise that she had returned to Chicago, and my fellow-feeling for you that the occasion was the death of your father.

Well, I know exactly the emotions which surge and resurge through you, my dear friend, for I have undergone, as you know not so long since, a similar bereavement.

Needless to say that, had I been in Chicago I should have been with you at Linden; in fact I had this appointment with myself whenever the expected tidings of your father's death reached me. I had a notion that perhaps I should have a few quiet things to say concerning him that only you or I could say. But the great event surprised us at different points of the compass.

You however, would say, if you chose, or were able by stress of grief to do so, what a fine father Robert Bradley was: I should discourse upon the sweetness of his soul and the graciousness of his conduct. And I would state as best I could, what you would not think of expressing, namely; one of his greatest recommendations is that he bred a noble son; for I have remarked through the years how truly devoted and affectionate you were toward him; and you had this advantage over your father—that you were more articulate and were able to give expression to those subtle acts of the imagination whereby the past was transformed for him as with the colors of an apocalypse; and the present fraught with those sweet and unexpected touches which only a truly great son could compass and invent. A noble father and a devoted son; this is the most superlative achievement of our mortal life, for together they add values and reality not only in their intimate relationship but because of them to the outer rim of personal and social attachments. We can have the one without the other, but when both have thus functioned the ecstasy of life's major music is necessar

lly balanced by the threnody of death.

Such a departure is really an arrival as every sunset is someone's sunrise. To you he will still speak and the words will come in the universal language. "I have still many things to say to you" how he tried to say more than it was possible for mortal to impart "but ye cannot bear them now." Now is gone for Robert Bradley; the world of time and space is overcome by another dimension the effect of which is to cancel the long familiar limitations of our mortal striving. The new sky of his flaming dawn is drenched in the colors of a more conscious eternity in which the motions and mutations of our time-world must be represented as the mixing of paints under the hand of the supreme Artist, and the faint and imperfect sketches of our space-sense as the necessary preliminaries to a supernal magnum opus. If there is any sort of meaning in telepathy or even the faintest truth in spiritualism it is that communications do not necessarily come by wire and that television is not necessarily a purely mechanical affair. If the noble living have achieved so much shall the noble dead achieve less? But what they transact at the top of Jacob's ladder not even the illuminated saint shall know till he go over the top of it. There was this spiritual ladder in your father's life; the difference between him now and last week is that he knows what it really leads to. And that is what we do not yet know; all some of us know is that to the righteous the way out is the way up.

I shall hope to see you next week.

Tender my regards to Mrs. Bradley and be assured of my sincere love yourself.

Morriston Thomas,
Minister, Ravenswood Congregational Church, Chicago.

DR. BRADLEY'S BOOKS

The ideas and philosophy of our pastor which he has been giving over a number of years in his lectures throughout the country, have been incorporated in two books which he has recently published.

Last year he wrote his first book, "Courage For Today." The response to this book was beyond all expectations. It was published just before the holidays last year and has sold steadily throughout the year. Last summer he did another book called "Mastering Fear," which was published early in October. The reception of the second book continued the success of the first. Both books are published by Bobbs Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Indiana and New York. They are on sale in any book store in the United States, and sell for $1.50 each. If you would be interested in purchasing the books any book store will gladly accommodate you. If you cannot purchase from a book store you may order direct from the publishers. If you purchase the books in Chicago at the stores or department store book shop, arrangements can be made to have them autographed.

M. H.

JUST BETWEEN FRIENDS

You are a contributor to the Church. Do you personally feel that you are getting your money's worth?

If so, then how do you arrive at the sum total of your pledge? Do you figure it out on a percentage basis of your entire income, or put down what you think will satisfy the needs? If your system is the latter, it is quite fair then to say that you do not go without anything you badly want, in order to give to the church.

Of course, you cannot join any club or fraternal order on that basis. Why does not the church fix its charge to you? Because

the church is for all sorts and conditions of people, while clubs and lodges are a selected membership. And that places an obligation on everyone able to give. Scriptures state it thus—"Unto whom much is given, from them shall much be required."

So, counting in your amusements, your clubs, your vacations and expenditures for luxuries it is not stretching the point to say that what you give to the church is but a drop in the bucket of your expenditures on yourself. If the church needs an extra financial life, you could probably meet your share of it without embarrassment or sacrifice.

What do you think of people able to give to the church but who never give, yet who demand the services of the church in time of trouble or for the education of their children? Isn't it likely they have never thought the matter through, and do not see themselves as accepting charity, the charity of their church-supporting neighbors?

Well, we know a church, democratic in spirit, wide-reaching in its activities, blessed by hundreds of loyal families, teeming with children and youth.

And now, the call is going out to place that church on a sounder financial base than ever, to meet its obligations in full and provide a backlog against the time of necessary repairs and improvements.

If you know this church, and it means anything to you, the call upon your loyal co-operation will not be in vain. You'll thank its management for having told you of the need, and you will be happy to help make their plans a success.

DO YOU WANT TO BE SURE OF A SEAT?

During the church year many friends and members take advantage of the opportunity to have a seat reserved until the beginning of the Choir Processional by selecting a seat from the plat in the church office or writing for a reservation to the secretary, Mrs. Harrison, at the church, 941 Lawrence Avenue. For ten dollars, payable when and as you are able during the church year, such seat will be reserved. Spread out over the period of the church year ten dollars is easily paid by everyone. Just call or write for your reservation and you will always be assured of a seat at the morning services. Reservations are now being made. Remember you pay the ten dollars at your convenience.

DO YOU LIKE FLOWERS?

Someone has said that "if stars are the poetry of the sky, flowers are the poetry of earth." This is true for wherever they are they bring beauty and love. Nothing adds more to the spirit of the church services than the presence of flowers on the platform. This is an invitation to every member and friend of the church and radio listener to help the church have flowers at every service. If you will kindly call the church office or write to the church secretary that you will furnish the flowers for one Sunday it will be very much appreciated.

The flowers may be ordered from your own florist who will make delivery to the church no matter where you live.

Your name as the donor will be published on the church calendar. You may designate the destination of your floral offering. After the services the flowers are usually sent to some one who is ill either in their own home or at a hospital. If you desire the church will send them to anyone whom you may desire. Will you assist us in this effort? The floral gift need not be large. Many prefer to give the flowers in memory of some loved one or friend. This too, is published on the church calendar. May we hear from you. It will help.

OUR CHURCH PAPER

The little magazine which you are now reading is the church paper of the Peoples Church of Chicago, 941 Lawrence Avenue. It is published every month during the entire year. For one dollar it is mailed anywhere on earth. Every friend, member and radio listener of the church is invited to become a subscriber. Each number contains a sermon delivered by Dr. Bradley from the pulpit of the church. Other articles are included which make the investment well worth the small amount of the subscription price. 12 sermons are mailed to you at a cost of less than ten cents each.

We are anxious to increase our subscription list for every subscription directly benefits the church. All subscriptions above the cost of mailing go directly in to the treasury of the church and help with the expenses. No one connected with the magazine receives any remuneration whatsoever. The firms which advertize with us make the magazine possible. When opportunity affords kindly mention the fact to our advertisers that you saw their ad in our church paper. It will help. Kindly send one dollar to May H. Harrison, The Peoples Church, Chicago and let us put your name on our subscription list. It will be a wise investment.

THE CHURCH APPEALS TO ITS FRIENDS

This church has many friends who rejoice in its influence and enjoy its services, but who for reasons of their own do not seek a closer affiliation. Many of these friends are contributors, either occasional or regular. This helps a great deal, especially in this time of depression. As is the case with other churches, the income has fallen off, since many devoted members are in reduced circumstances. In this difficult time we wish to continue to render the best service possible to us and we know of no way to meet the emergency except to appeal to our friends to consider the matter well and give such aid as they can. It is not desired that the church should be a burden to anyone, but any help that can be given will be deeply appreciated.

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